



According to the novels of Richardson and his contemporaries, in the olden days men used to admire women who screamed upon the least provocation. Richardson's heroines were always tottering out of their chairs, falling in a "dead faint" in their lovers' arms, having their stays cut and their hands slapped, their temples bathed and their noses smelling-salted.

Both the women and the men have changed radically since those days. The modern man does not admire the fainting woman, neither does he marry her. If by chance he does, he is only a man, and lives to regret it. There is no reason why any woman should be a fainting woman. General bodily weakness and nervousness in women are due to weakness or disease of the delicate, special organs of the sex. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific and unfailing remedy for all disorders of this description. It imparts health and strength to the sensitive and susceptible organs upon which a woman's general health is largely dependent. It quiets and tones up the nerves, restores the vigor of youth, rounds out the emaciated form, imparts the glow of health to the complexion and transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into new, healthy, happy women. It fits for wifehood and motherhood.

Words fail to describe my suffering before using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was Mrs. Sallie Key, of Tanglewood, Granger Co., Tenn. I had inflammation, irritation and profuse flowing and was very nervous and suffered terribly at all times. My feet and limbs were cold, I had palpitation of the heart, and my back was so weak that I could not turn myself in bed. The thought of food sickened me. My kidneys were very badly affected. I had been down six months. I could not sleep night or day and had given up all hope. My husband got me some of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took it for five months and at the end of that time could walk a mile and do all my own housework. I am sure I would be in my grave if it had not been for the "Favorite Prescription."

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." For paper-covered copy enclose a one-cent stamp; for cover mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps.

Microbes as incendiaries.
The list of harmful microbes—those of plague, cholera, typhoid, etc.—was already long enough, but new ones are being discovered every day. The latest is the incendiary microbe, which, according to M. Jean de Laverdun, causes spontaneous combustion. The spontaneous combustion of hay appears to be its work. Among those who have been converted by the evidence of facts is a large Austrian farmer. He had stored 300 cartloads of hay and cereals in a barn to which no one had access, and, after a few days, perceived that the middle of the heap was becoming heated. At first he paid little attention to this, but when, at the end of a week, a light vapor began to appear he gave orders for clearing out the barn. His men set to work, but as soon as they began to disturb the middle of the heap flames burst out in all directions, and it was all they could do to escape from the blazing building, which was soon reduced to ashes.—Chicago Tribune.

"My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck, "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony." "Well, I only hope so," returned Henpeck, with unusual spirit; "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."—Philadelphia Record.

"This here last war," remarked the old lady, "has been a blessing to my family; John's drawin' of a big pension for one ear an' three fingers; the ole man's writin' a big war history; Moll's engaged to a sergeant, an' Jennie's goin' to marry a feller that come to within an ace of bein' a gin'ral!"—Atlanta Constitution.

S. S. S. GOES TO THE BOTTOM.

Promptly Reaches the Seat of all Blood Diseases and Cures the Worst Cases.

In every test made S. S. S. easily demonstrates its superiority over other blood remedies. It matters not how obstinate the case, nor what other treatment or remedies have failed, S. S. S. always promptly reaches and cures any disease where the blood is in any way involved. Everyone who has had experience with blood diseases knows that there are no ailments or troubles so obstinate or difficult to cure. Very few remedies claim to cure such real, deep-seated blood diseases as S. S. S. cures, and none can offer such incontrovertible evidence of merit. S. S. S. is not merely a tonic—it is a cure! It goes down to the very seat of all blood diseases, and gets at the foundation of the very worst cases, and roots the poison from the system. It does not, like other remedies, dry up the poison and hide it from view temporarily, only to break forth again more violently than ever; S. S. S. forces out every trace of taint, and rids the system of it forever.

Mr. H. Kuhn, of Marion, Kansas, writes: "About three years ago my granddaughter, Bertha Whitwood, was thrown from a horse, receiving a wound of the scalp. Under the treatment of physicians the wound seemed obstinate, finally became very angry-looking, and broke out into a running sore. This soon spread to other parts of the scalp and ran down the side of the neck, increasing in severity, and fearfully disfiguring her. She was then placed in a well-known hospital, but even the treatment she received there failed to arrest the terrible sore. Reading of the many cures of blood troubles effected by S. S. S., we decided to try it, and it relieved her promptly. In a few months she was entirely cured, and scarcely a mark now remains where the disease held full sway."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is the only blood remedy that is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no mercury, potash, arsenic, or any other mineral or chemical. It never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Tetters, Boils, Carbuncles, Sores, etc. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

A TALKING GLOVE.

Novel Conversational Expedient of a Young Woman Who is Blind, Deaf and Dumb.

"Blind Mattie" is an inmate of the Newark almshouse, says the New York Press. This kind of home life would seem sad enough, but for Mattie it matters little where she lives so long as people about her are kind and considerate.

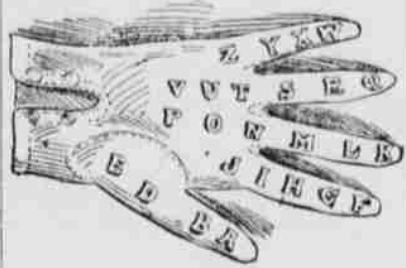
Not only is she blind, but she is also deaf and dumb, and can neither smell nor taste.

With all this affliction she possesses a mind of remarkable activity and even brilliancy, for she can rhyme hymns, which she loves to compose, and, indeed, there is in many of them a real poetic pathos. She is 32 years old, but looks much older.

Her sad life has attracted much attention, and recently she received a "talking glove"—a gift from a deaf mute in Hartford, Conn., who had read of Mattie's affliction and who invented the glove to help mitigate them.

It is a common white cotton glove, with the alphabet put on it, each letter on the balls of the fingers. Mattie is so quick at learning with touch that in a single day she had memorized the position of every letter, so that now the people about her can talk to her by spelling out the word on the letters of the glove.

She is happy now, sitting by her little cot, waiting for some one to "talk to her." Over and over again her lips move in spelling out words, and while



BLIND MATTIE'S TALKING GLOVE.

she sits and waits she talks to herself and often kisses the simple little cotton thing, her key to everything about her. Blind Mattie's story is remarkable. She was born healthy and perfect, and until she reached her eighth year showed no signs of disease or deformity.

When she was eight years old her brother died, and she was dreadfully shocked by the event. One day she entered a vacant room in her home in Newark and there imagined she saw her dead brother, and that he said to her: "Mattie, where's pa?"

The sound of his voice struck her dumb, and when she was found she had lost the senses which never returned.

One of the saddest parts of this is that the shock which caused her great sorrow was only imaginary. Doctors from all parts of the country have worked on the case, with no good results.

She remembers how the sky looks and what it is like to hear sounds, but never again on earth will she enter the light of material things.

Royal African "Scorcher."

King Karreh, chief of a large Kafir tribe, has become a full-fledged "scorcher" and rides his bicycle over the smooth South African veldt nearly all day long.

LIVERITA

THE UP-TO-DATE
LITTLE LIVER PILL
100 PILLS
25 CTS.
Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick-Head-ache and Liver Complaint.
SUGAR COATED.
Sold by all druggists or sent by mail.
Nervine Medical Co., Chicago.
For sale by C. B. Spencer & Co.

THE TOMB OF JULIET.

A Magnificent and Costly Structure Is to Be Built Around It in the Near Future.

Cable dispatches bring the news that the tomb of Juliet at Verona is to be restored and that a magnificent structure is to be built around it.

Juliet, like some kings of England, a few Roman generals and other personages now equally famous, had never been known to mankind at large but for the art of Shakespeare. Lord Byron, writing to Thomas Moore from Verona, speaks in this wise of Juliet's grave: "Of the truth of Juliet's story the Veronese seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1353) and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventional garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being bright as their love." It was from this legend that Shakespeare drew the plot for his immortal play. As a matter of fact, Juliet's resting place may be a ruined grave and desolate, but it needs no transformation to restore it to the imagination.

A grave? Oh, no; a lantern. For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes this vault a feasting presence full of light.

According to Dante the Capulets and Montagues were prominent among the fierce men who made Italy "savage and unmanageable." The Veronese believe the legends of these families to be historically true, but, although the historians have neglected it, the romancers have not. The first written story of the loves of "Juliet and her Romeo" of which there is account is that of Masuccio, a Neapolitan who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. He places the scene of his action at Sienna, and makes no mention of the Montagues and Capulets. The bride recovers from her trance, as did Juliet, but to find her husband executed for murder. Douce takes the legend back to a Greek romance by Xenophon



JULIET'S TOMB AT VERONA.

Ephorus. The story of Romeo and Juliet was also told by Luigi da Porta, and his romance, published after his death in 1535, brings the tale down more closely to the time of Shakespeare. In 1534 Bandello made the legend a plot for one of his novels. Later still came a novel by Pierre Boileau, which was translated by Painter in his "Palace of Pleasure" in 1561, and on the French story Arthur Brooke founded an English poem, published in 1592, under the title, "The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet," written first in Italian by Bandello and now in English by Ar. Br. Indeed, a play in English was written and published before Shakespeare's. In a copy of Brooke's poem belonging to Rev. H. White, of Lichfield, there is this address to the reader: "Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for, being there much better set forth than I have or can do, yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to like good effect if the readers do bring with them like good minds to consider it, which both the more encouraged me to publish it, such as it is."

Shakespeare had therefore "set forth" for him his great play, balcony and all, but he had courage enough to try one of his own, and it was the Shakespeare play that lived. Many attempts have been made to show that Shakespeare "spoiled" the story by changing some of the scenes in his models, but most people have never heard of this fact. Shakespeare's play was first printed in 1597 under the title: "An Excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicly, by the right honorable the L. of Hunsdon, His Servants." A copy of this edition, as may be imagined, is very rare and highly valuable. The play was revised and corrected, and its finished form is to be found in the great folio edition of 1623.

The only way to rid the dog or his bark is to skin him.—L. A. W. Bulletin.
Prying Into Family Secrets.—Bertha—I'm right, and mamma's left, isn't she, papa? The Guilty One—Sh-sh, Bertha, don't speak so loud. She hasn't even a suspicion.—Jeweller's Weekly.

"How many persons can you crowd into a car?" I asked the conductor. "That depends upon whether they are married folks or couples thinking about it," he replied.—Philadelphia North American.

HE BRAGGED TOO SOON.

A Confederate Officer Whose Precipitation Got Him Into Trouble.

Several old soldiers were in a cluster of gentlemen in the smoking-room of the Indiana Mineral Springs hotel, when they were made reminiscent by the talk of Spain. One of the gray-haired veterans was Capt. H. S. Cole, of the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion and a prominent farmer of Fergus Falls, Minn. He told of a thrilling, yet humorous, incident, in which he figured in the battle of Brandy Station, Va.

"That was the great cavalry battle of the war," he said, "and the First Maine cavalry, in which I was a lieutenant, was in the hottest part of the fight. We were badly mixed up when I was borne down by a group of gray cavalrymen and captured by a lieutenant. As I sur-



"WEGALLOPED TOWARD THE FLAG."

rendered my saber and side arms and was hurried away I found that my captor was an officer under the famous Mosby. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, tall, erect, with piercing black eyes and raven hair. He looked the warrior as he galloped along at my side. When we reached a place, safe, as he supposed, from my being taken from him by our federal cavalrymen, he turned to me.

"Say, Yank," he shouted with an oath, "did you know that you were taken with an empty pistol?"

"No, you blamed rebel," I retorted, "but I'll just take you with a loaded one," and I reached over and pulled a six-barreled Colt revolver I always put in my boot leg before going into battle. "Now get up and fly for that flag over yonder," said I, pointing to the headquarters flag of Gen. Kilpatrick. My captor was overcome with surprise, but I had no time to waste, as I saw a body of confederates galloping in our direction. I sent a bullet flying close to his head. He took the hint and obeyed and we galloped toward that flag. Twice I narrowly escaped being killed or captured by the enemy, but finally neared Kilpatrick's headquarters. As we rode up Gen. Estey, the adjutant of Kilpatrick, who had enlisted as private with me in the First Maine and had been my chum, was with the famous cavalry leader in front of headquarters' tent.

"Look at my old pard," shouted Estey, "with a cussed Johnny!"

"When my prisoner dismounted Gen. Kilpatrick called to me. 'It's my request that you take equipments, and if necessary I'll issue a general order to that effect,' he said. It wasn't needed, for I took charge of the confederate lieutenant's beautiful roan stallion and equipments, as my horse was rather faded. I was sorry for my handsome prisoner, and that night I saw that he received a good meal. He was the son of a wealthy planter at Jappahannock, Va. It turned out that men of our company had been detailed to guard his mother and sister or the old home-stand, and he had received a letter from them telling him how gallantly the First Maine men had treated them."

"Some years after I went into the Adams Express office in Chicago to send a package.

"Were you in the battle of Brandy Station?" inquired the clerk.

"Yes, I happened to be there," I said.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

"No, who are you?" said I. "Why," said he, "I'm the damned fool who captured you with an empty revolver."—Chicago Post.

Oil of vitriol is not an oil.
Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper.

Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.

Soda water contains no soda.
Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur.

Sugar of lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.

Oxygen means "the acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain no oxygen.

German silver contains no silver, and black lead contains no lead.
Berberine is usually made from hydrastis canadensis.

Milk of lime has no milk.
Quicksilver is pure mercury.
Oil of origanum is made from thyme and not from origanum.—Golden Days.

PEACE VERSUS PAIN

We have peace, and those who are sorely afflicted with **NEURALGIA** will have peace from pain and a perfect cure by using **ST. JACOBS OIL.**

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

WOMEN WHO FUSS.

Usually They Lack Repose, Dignity and Above Everything Well-Bred Calmness.

An English writer has been giving English women who fuss a sight of themselves as others see them, remarks the Philadelphia Press. Woman nature is woman nature the world over; so, perhaps, women fussers at the four corners of the earth may find something in their remarks that will strike home. She says: "Can there be anything more uncomfortable and embarrassing for a guest than to be entertained by a restless, fussy hostess, or for the latter to have to entertain the same sort of guest? A fussy woman can never be called a well-mannered one. She has no repose, no dignity, none of that well-bred calmness which is so admirable in a woman; none of that gracious and friendly courtesy that so speedily and completely sets strangers at ease. Good-natured and desirous to please and give pleasure, anxious to do her duty as wife, mother and hostess, she is yet rarely successful, for a fussy woman is seldom an observant one, being always too busy to notice whether those around her are pleased or annoyed until they speak out plainly and express their feelings in words.

"The truth is that she cannot understand the charm and peace most people find in being occasionally left alone, allowed to go their own way, to follow their own inclinations, without remark or remonstrance. To the casual visitor or mere acquaintance the fussy man or woman is a bore, perhaps, but of whom they are tolerant because of their good nature, their obvious friendliness and desire to be hospitable. It is only the family and intimate friends who feel the real discomfort and misery that can be caused by their excess of zeal and continued interference in every little matter that concerns the daily life and doings of those around them."

GIRLS OF MADEIRA.

They Are Pretty When Young, But Their Beauty Soon Gets Spoiled with Hard Work.

The women of Madeira are, when young, very handsome, but their beauty soon gets spoiled by hard work in the fields. They are of a mixed race, half Portuguese, half Moorish, and their



MADEIRA GIRLS.

Arab blood makes them much handsomer as a race than the pure-bred Portuguese. They have dark eyes and hair and are rather under medium height, but, as a rule, strongly built.

Their costume is very bright, as they wear gayly colored chintz gowns, and very often scarlet capes or pelerines, with long ends thrown over their shoulders. On their heads they wear a white muslin handkerchief, the ends of which hang down over their shoulders, and over that a curious funnel-shaped cap.

When the peasant women come into town on a feast day or market day, they are careful not to waste the beauties of their best clothes on the country roads, and may, consequently, often be seen putting the finishing touches to their toilets under palm trees outside the town, chatting and laughing together as they do so. A curious trait about the people is that when they go out begging they 'always put on their best clothes. There is a great deal of poverty in Madeira nowadays—though the influx of tourists is doing something for the islands.

Women with Big Hands.

The bicycle craze has had the effect of increasing the size of woman's hands. Glove makers say that where they formerly made six as the average size of a woman's glove, they are now compelled to make them half a size larger. Women who were proud of their little hands are now showing big hands with quite as much pride. It must be borne in mind that the big hand must be well groomed, for small defects which would pass unnoticed in the tiny hands become very conspicuous in the big one.

A Comparison.—"Let me write the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws," quoted the student. "Well," answered a man who comes from a state where they legislate on cartoons and theater hate and kissing, "now and then I think there isn't a great deal of choice. It's hard to tell which are foolishness, some of the songs or some of the laws."—Washington Star.

ALASKAN FISHERMEN.

Their Homes Are Built Near Good Fishing Grounds—Their Curious Tackle.

With his homemade fishing tackle, one native Alaskan can capture more fish in a day than can any three white men with their latest improved implements. The Alaskan Indian shows his intelligence by clinging to his own implements and tools, and at the same time in quietly adapting himself to the greatly altered conditions of his environment. He will adopt certain of our customs and utensils, but refuses to adopt many others. While he will always give you the most superstitious reasons for clinging to his own time-honored tools, he is quick to decide that the spirits wish him to make use of any new idea which will be an actual benefit under existing conditions.

These Indians use the same fishing tackle that Behring found them using during his explorations in 1741, and which George Vancouver found during his first visit among them as a midshipman under the famous Capt. Cook a few years later.

Fish are abundant. Alaskan homes are always near some excellent fishing-grounds. A village is often situated in a certain location simply to be near good halibut banks. Hooks used in fishing for halibut are usually made of a fork of spruce root to which an iron barb has been lashed, the only change from the original being in the iron barb, which sometimes takes the place of the one of bone used in the primitive hook. All bait is secured to the hook by means of a small cedar cord, which is neatly lashed about the hook when it is not in use.

Halibut feed near the bottom of the sea. The Indian has a method, as ingenious as it is rude, to keep his bait where it will be most tempting.

He will tie a stone a few feet above the hook on his line with a slip-loop, which the halibut, in trying to get away, will twitch out, releasing the stone and giving the Indian warning that he can draw up his 50 or 100-pound halibut without the additional weight of the stone. Between the hook and the stone sinker is a wooden float whitened in the shape of a duck, which, in seeking to rise to the surface, draws the hook up the proper distance from the bottom.

Steel hooks made after these patterns have been on the market for many years, but the Indian has better success with his own.

His cords and lines are his own production. They are made of cedar bark, split spruce roots, or kelp. The cedar bark is scraped from the tree with a bone shaped like a chopping knife.

After soaking for several days, the bark is beaten into shreds with a hammer made also of bone, and picked into fine threads, which are twisted into cords by being rubbed between the hand and the thigh. Cords of spruce roots split and twisted are also very strong, but those made of kelp are least valued.—Harper's Round Table.

Jones—And has he made her happy? Johnson—Ecstatically so! They read the papers together and he lets her ask him all the foolish questions she wants to.—N. Y. Journal.

Bill—How about that sound steamer? Jill—I guess she's all right. There's a rumor ashore that she's afloat. Bill—That's good. I heard there was a rumor afloat that she was ashore.—Yonkers Statesman.

Are You Ever Depressed?

And is it not due to nervous exhaustion? Things always look so much brighter when we are in good health. How can you have courage when suffering with headache, nervous prostration and great physical weakness?

Would you not like to be rid of this depression of spirits? How? By removing the cause. By taking



It gives activity to all parts that carry away useless and poisonous materials from your body. It removes the cause of your suffering, because it removes all impurities from your blood. Send for our book on Nervousness.

To keep in good health you must have perfect action of the bowels. Ayer's Pills cure constipation and biliousness.

Write to our Doctors.
Perhaps you would like to consult some eminent physician about your condition. Then write us freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.